

*The History of*

*Prin.* What saist thou, mistris quickly? how doth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou lacke?

*Fal.* The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy house, they picke pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, lacke?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleue me, tial? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a scale ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Host.* I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, & setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why, an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter sir Iohn? why an Otter?

*Fal.* V Why? shees neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art an vnjust man in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayest true, Hostes, and he slaunders thee most grosely.

*Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day You ought

*Henry the fourth.*

ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald you lacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardoll?

*Bar.* Indee,de, sir Iohn, you saide so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Pri.* I say tis copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why Hal? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

*Prince.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The King himselfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe I pray God my girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fal about thy knees? but sirra, ther's no roome for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosome of thine, It is all fillde vpp with guttes, and midriffe, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou hore son impudentimost rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but rauerne reckonings, memorādums of bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Doest thou heare, hal? thou knowst in the state of innocency, Adam fell, & what should poore lacke Falstaffe do in the daies of villanie? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, & therfore more fraity. You confesse then you pickt my

*Prin.* It appeares so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee, go make ready breakfast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy ghests, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone.

*Exit Hostesse.*

Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that answered?

*Prince.*